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THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

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THE PARTING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

I.
Fare you well! and meet me part,
Never, never more to meet!
Shall your bright eyes meet mine?
Never more your cheek touch mine
With a lingering kiss?
Never that low voice of mine
Thrill me with its tender tones?

II.
Ah, the dreamy summer days—
When I wandered by your side
Down the flower-strewn ways
Where the laughing brooklets glide!
Oh, the thrush's passionate song!
Oh, the robins' fervent cries!
Never, through my whole life long,
Will they sing so sweet again.

III.
Oh, the vows I breathed to you
In the quietest hour of day,
And your promise to be true
Till your heart in death was laid.
Fare you well, and take no more—
Oh, I know if you are true,
Never again we two shall meet—
Let me kiss you ere I go.

IV.
Let me kiss your darling mouth,
Where a sigh is lingering,
Sweet as soft wind from the south,
When it wafts the flowers of spring.
Fare you well, my darling!—
Fare you well, my darling!—
Now I sleep your finger-prints
In a long, a long, a long—

Skale the Scout; ON THE RED FRONTIERS.

An Indian Story of the Last War with England.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BURR THORNBURY.

CHAPTER XXI.

HIRAM SEES A STRANGE SIGHT.

The bullet from the rifle of Hiram Skale met the already spinning panther, and lodged in the creature's heart. The beast fell forward upon the body of the scout, but it was a dead leap—the cruel claws had no power to tear and wound. With a thrill of horror at the fearful danger he had so narrowly escaped, the wounded man—wounded as we know by the tomahawk of a savage—crawled from under the man, bloody carcass of the panther that lay directly across his path. Close to the living heart of the scout was pressed the dead heart of the terrible beast.

"Thank God!" was the mental exclamation of Skale as he arose. "Thank God that my aim was true. I never made so good a shot at so great a disadvantage before. What a hideous awakening that was! Yet hardly more so than the imagined presence of Alfred Chastlen. A panther is not more merciless than he.

Knowing that the report of his rifle might attract the savages to the spot, while he was thus thinking Hiram was also moving stealthily from the scene of the startling encounter. "Three times in a period of less than a day have I escaped the most deadly peril," he reflected. "Well, my life has been one of strange adventure for the last twenty years and I am getting used to it. How romantic when I say that I have thirty times been brought to the very brink of destruction, and then thrown back when to remain a moment longer would be death; yet it is true; thirty times has the grave gaped before me, and yet I still live. Figuratively speaking, I must say," continued the scout, "for it is a precious little earth I would have got to cover me had I perished either of these thirty times. Romance! oh, my life! What does that mean? Romance is the most common fact after all."

Hiram could hardly have been considered a romantic character himself, but there was something about him strangely attractive. His language, when he was with his rough associates of the frontier, was sometimes profane; when in the society of persons of culture it was usually correct, and frequently refined and eloquent, giving evidence of former educational advantages.

"I told Tom Williams," he thought, smiling to himself, "that I had passed some of my early life at a district school. I didn't dare tell him more—he has such a genuine border contempt for books. It was my bringing up—my bringing up—that changed me. Oh, what an angel she was. And she married me and went with me to the lonely settlement! How happy we were until disaster came. Oh, my dear, dead wife, is it your protesting spirit that has preserved me through the many perils I have met since I saw you last in the flesh? Sometimes I long to die that I may be again with you—more with you, I mean, for you are eternally away."

By this time he was a considerable distance from the place where he had met the panther. His keen ears were on the alert to detect any sound that might indicate an unfriendly presence, and his rifle, reloaded, was ready for instant use. Ah! beware of Hiram Skale, savage heart or savage man! Love and hate are both in his heart; though his nature is not vindictive. Cross not the path of this strange woodsman, red rover of the forest; for many of thy race have fallen before his deadly aim. Let him pass in peace to the stronghold of his friends.

Did not the report of a musket shudder through the forest on the still and darkened air? Did not the wild yells of savage enemies follow the signal shot?

"I must be very careful," said the scout



MAJOR HALLOWELL CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF TECUMSEH.

to himself. "There seems to be some new alarm given, and it may bring greater danger to me. Morning must find me far from here, weary and wounded as I am."

He quickened his progress through the gloom, but as daylight approached, finding himself too exhausted to proceed further without rest, he sought a place of repose, and lying down, indulged in an hour or two of "wistful slumber." That is, he slept with "one eye open," his rifle by his side, ready for instant defence should he be disturbed by the approach of a foe. For fight or flight he equally prepared himself, and soft must be the footstep that could come near unheeded.

Nothing occurred to break his rest, and rising from his rude couch he pursued his way through the wilderness, hoping to reach Fort Meigs before darkness came again. But Hiram Skale, though he chose a route to the beleaguered place less direct and dangerous than that taken by Ernest Halliwell, was destined to meet with more obstacles than the latter, who, striking boldly through a region of throning dangers, had fortunately passed unobserved by any foe.

Skale was nearing the very ravine which had been the scene of Tom Williams's thrilling adventure with the Indians. It was full day now, and the scout was very cautious and watchful. He knew that the whole vicinity of the hostile armies was one of peril to whoever might attempt to explore it, for parties of the savages, and the scouts and spies of both sides, were constantly prowling in the thickets and ravines.

As Tom had done, Hiram noted the perpendicular, wall-like sides of the gorge, rising from the water's edge as if the hands of men had reared them. He was some distance above the point where the former had crossed, and he had therefore not discovered the landing that formed the threshold of the cavern in which the scout had taken refuge. But a not less interesting discovery was to be made by Skale. Coming suddenly upon a fresh trail, his first impulse was to fly from it instantly; but he observed that it led directly to the brink of the gorge, and as this was so, he followed it, and the trail joined it as to make a crossing, without a descent to the ravine, impossible, his curiosity was aroused to know the reason why such a point had been approached by a party desiring to effect a passage. He was too wary, however, to make an immediate examination of the spot, but lingering across the ravine, which he supposed to mortal danger, the scout gave one quick glance at the Indian, and then he entered a dense thicket that bordered the hollow, and creeping to the edge of it, peered closely at the point where the trail crossed.

What was his surprise to behold, concealed from him before by the trunk of an enormous pine, a huge savage standing with uplifted hatchet, as if about to hurl it at some foe on the opposite side of the ravine. In making his detour, Skale had gone so far above, that other trees had intervened and prevented a side view of the warrior. Startled at having again approached so close as he supposed to mortal danger, the scout gave one quick glance at the Indian, and then he silently raised his rifle. Not to fire, however, unless necessity compelled him, for he knew not what other enemies might thereby be aroused. Something in the appearance of the savage seemed to Hiram Skale in that quick glance that he was unconscious of the presence of the latter. Yet why stood he there close against the trunk of the pine with uplifted weapon, ready to throw it with the Indian's deadly aim. Skale was not near enough to see the expression on the warrior's face, but he looked grim and hideous enough. Covering his heart with his rifle, the scout glanced even more keenly than before at the threatening form. With a sudden exclamation that came near being an oath than anything that had lately passed his lips, the muzzle of the gun was dropped.

The warrior was dead! Propped against the pine, his arm raised and secured in a threatening attitude, the whole figure the exact personation of a living man!

"Heaven bless me! what next!" exclaimed Hiram, almost aloud. "I came mighty near shooting a dead Indian. What does it mean? Some fantastic act of a triumphant enemy! Strange revenge, truly!"

Even while he quivered thus, on the very side of the ravine on which he himself was, hardly a hundred paces below him, appeared a number of warriors, concerning whose animation there could be not the least doubt. They discovered the grim and striking figure of their slain fellow.

An expression of surprise, then of horror, then of rage, informed the scout that they had seen and comprehended the alarming spectacle; but by this time, he who had been discovered by them, would have been thought the perpetrator of the ghastly deed, was hastening with the utmost expedition, consistent with silence, from the spot. Wild, revengeful yells some said him they had struck a trail, his own, perhaps, and now the question of escape became a serious one. Without following Skale through all his experiences of danger that day, we will only say that he succeeded in baffling and eluding his enemies, and that it was his arrival at the fort that had attracted the attention of our friends, Colonel Westburn and Major Halliwell. They hastened to meet and greet him.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONSULTATION—INTERESTING CEREMONY.

"It is Skale!" cried the Major, recognizing to his joy the person of the daring scout. "It is indeed!" exclaimed the elder officer, equally delighted. "Welcome, Hiram; we are very glad to see you."

"Thank you, Colonel, and I'm quite as much pleased myself," responded the borderer, heartily.

A vigorous hand-shaking and rapid and exciting explanation followed.

"If that ain't Hiram Skale!" cried Tom Williams in an ecstasy of joyous astonishment. "Give us yet your old fellow, and let me feel of yer scalp; I hope ye haven't got a wig to take the place of yer own hair. All right, I say to you; but how ye managed to come off whole, Hiram, or what I can't understand. Why, I left you dead and scalped myself."

"Oh, no, Tom," answered Skale, proceeding to a relation of the manner of his preservation.

"And what becomes of the party gal?" asked Williams. "Sorry to leave her, but that war'n't no use in stayin'."

"She was unharmed, and became once more a captive."

"And Isabel?" inquired Colonel Westburn and Major Halliwell together. "Have you seen or heard aught of her?"

"She was alive and well at the time of my leaving the camp. I saw her at the door of a tent, pale and anxious, as you may think, but not out of hope yet. Such a look as she gave me—for she knew me quick—such a pleading, praying look! as if she thought that I could help her, though I was myself a prisoner."

The father and lover were both powerfully agitated and distressed. The picture of their loved one, helpless and suffering, in the power of remorseless men, almost drove them mad.

"Oh, to be moving!" cried Ernest. Better any danger, or even death, than this inaction. Yet we are, I suppose, in a manner preparing ourselves to aid the captive. Hiram, we are about arranging a plan to enter the enemy's camp and rescue Isabel, if possible."

"Of course you are," spoke the scout. "Leave me I am going back, and I know you, Major, will not feel like staying behind."

"You look almost famished, Hiram," interposed Colonel Westburn. "Come with me and have some food, and then we will consult in regard to the proposed enterprise. Come."

They went to the Colonel's quarters, where an abundant meal was soon provided for the hungry man, who had indeed been long fasting.

"Why, you are wounded, Hiram," said the officer, observing the difficulty with which he raised his arm. The blood on his clothing had been noticed at first, but it was supposed to be that of his enemies.

"Yes, Colonel, an ugly cut, but not dangerous. It bled freely, and made me weak. A tomahawk struck me as we lay near the scene of that awful butchery—Tom may have told you; it was a wonder that it wasn't my head, though a club or a stone or something did lay me senseless."

"Your experience since the shipwreck has certainly been the most startling yet," said Colonel Westburn.

"Well, I must say," replied Skale, "that it has been mighty of that order. I haven't told you the strangest part of it yet."

Thereupon he narrated his adventures in full since parting with Tom near the fatal field on which Dudley's men had died.

"Strange, very strange," mused his listeners.

"Who can this Liola De Verne be, I wonder?" said Major Halliwell. "And this infamous man who seems to be her special persecutor?"

"It sounds a good deal like a fiction—all this," remarked the scout, "but I've found nothing in this world stranger than the truth."

After Skale had refreshed himself, and his wound had been carefully dressed by the surgeon, a sort of council of war was held in the quarters of Colonel Westburn; himself, Major Halliwell, and the scouts, Skale, Williams, Brace, Wisner, and one or two others being present.

"It is of course a most hazardous thing to venture into the enemy's camp," said Skale, "but nevertheless it can be done with safety. I have gone into the heart of an Indian village, and brought out more than one prisoner, without alarming either dog or red-dog. We may be shot for spies, or scalped for simple enemies; but I am one to go to the rescue of Miss Isabel, all the same."

This was the unanimous sentiment of all; and it only remained to decide the manner of making the attempt.

"It's my opinion," continued Hiram, "that a few would succeed better than many. And my plan would be for three or four of us to steal into the camp, disguised either as Indians or red-coats, surprise the ladies of an Indian village, and prepare them for whatever we may think it best to next attempt. I know the position of the tent Miss Isabel occupies, and could find my way there in any but a downright kettle-black night."

It had been decided before you arrived, Hiram," said Ernest, "that we would leave the fort for the enemy's camp to-night; for as I have informed you, there is a probability of the siege being abandoned."

"The sooner the better, Major."

"But are you prepared to go so soon? Your wound—your fatigue—"

"Never mind that. A few hours' rest—and there's time for that—will put me all right."

"And your desire to be rescued the strange lady also?"

"Yes; Tom and I have promised her that; and even if we hadn't, you know, Major, that we couldn't feel honest without doing our best to help her."

"I know, Hiram, and I honor you for your humanity. And yet—"

"And yet," interrupted the scout, "you

think, Major, without being at all selfish, that we had better not attempt too much, or we will fail in all. Just my views, exactly. One at a time and Miss Isabel first."

"I am glad you understand me, Hiram," replied the young man. "The mysterious Liola shall not be left in the hands of her enemies if we can be her deliverer, yet to undertake the simultaneous rescue of both would probably be to expose our own lives to greater peril, without any advantage to either. God grant, dear Isabel, he murmured to himself, "that we be successful, for I cannot longer endure the thought that you are still a captive. I would not return alive from this perilous undertaking if you were left behind."

After considerable further discussion it was settled that Major Halliwell, personating a British Major then a prisoner in the fort, Hiram Skale, disguised as a Shawnee warrior, and Simon Brace and Tom Williams, both in their true character of scouts, were to leave the American camp the coming evening. Under his disguise as a British Major, Ernest wore his own proper uniform, for purposes that may appear hereafter. Brace and Williams were not to enter the lines, but were to remain just outside to act as opportunity might offer.

It was now near five o'clock. Skale had retired to refresh himself with an hour or two's rest.

But Tom Williams did not sleep. He was busy with thoughts of his own. He was determined at any hazard to attempt the rescue of the beautiful Isabel, and yet he felt very seriously the approaching separation—it might be a final one—from his darling Milly. She was equally and in view of the peril to which her border lover would again be exposed; but she could not bid him stay, while her beloved young mistress was in such distress.

"Milly," said Tom "this has about the most despit job I ever did undertake, but I couldn't be kept back from it, now. Just 'point' you war that, Milly, in Miss Isabel's place. Wouldn't I go for ye though a thousand tomahawks war lifted at me. Boli say—"

"Never mind holding your bones, Tom. You haven't any idea how awful that sounds," said Milly reprovingly.

"Well, wal, never mind then about that," continued the scout. "I war a thinkin', my little gal, that of I war to lose my har in this neck dodge, that maybe it war be kind o' comfortin' like to you to be left—to be left—"

"—a widder, Milly."

"Oh, Tom! what do you mean?"

"Why, I means just this, that that ar two or three persons in the fort, and it might be that amongst 'em they could marry us."

"What a strange way of putting it, Tom. But I understand you, and if you really think well of it, I haven't any objections that I can think of."

Tom gave his sweetheart a crushing kiss—not a dainty intensity, such as lovers' kisses it is supposed, usually are—but a restless, overwhelming salute that rather astonished the maid.

"Never mind thinkin' of 'em," he cried. "It shall be while you're in the notion, Milly, for I'm most afeard yet that some o' these younger fellows will take you from me."

"I will," replied the delighted lover. And away he went to seek the parson. And he thought of—

Every one, unless it was a few of the young gentlemen in love with the last themselves, thought well of Tom's proposed marriage, and in a short time the minor arrangements for the ceremony were completed.

"I have no wedding dress, Tom," said Milly in sudden perplexity. "I never thought of that. Can I be married in such a gown as this?"

"Bartain," answered the scout. "Other

things makes up for it. Just to think of it, Milly, of us standin' both here, my dear, in years as an auld, that we stand in Fort Meigs durin' the siege. Oh! glory! be contented with a new apprehension of the matter," and Ernest Harrison looked on.

"It will sound well, won't it?" said the bride elect.

As the time was limited the ceremony was to be immediately performed.

Reader! think not that it is a picture of the imagination that we are about to present to your view.

The officers of the garrison were supplied of what was about to happen, and there could leave their duties at hand to be present at the unusual ceremony. General Harrison himself entered heartily into the spirit of the affair, and was chosen to give away the bride.

The dispensation—a dispensation of an officer, doing duty also as a volunteer, was ready. The officers and a large number of the soldiers were awaiting the appearance of the happy pair. Within from the surroundings that which this simple, solemn service was to be performed. The guns of the enemy thundered away, far across the river and down the general direction of the breeze. Overhead, the stars and stripes floated in the breeze, fluttering defiance to the foe.

A murmur of interest ran through the waiting assemblage. They are coming—the brave borderer and his pretty and blushing bride! She needed no gown of white for the occasion; the extraordinary and unusual circumstances of the case were ample amends for every deficiency in dress and manner.

They stood up; the bride supported by the gallant General, and the groom by Col. Westburn, and the church was pronounced. At its conclusion, with the presence of the words, "I declare you man and wife," the guns of the fort, at a prearranged signal, thundered a shouted salute to the bride and groom, and the cheers and congratulations of the garrison followed.

Tom felt the constant quietude and peace, so it was. Not everybody could be wedded with such attendant honors and in the presence of such distinguished witnesses. It was well for the groom that he could not know that a future President of the United States was present, for it is doubtful that he could have survived the shock of the occasion, when—but we need not anticipate. We must follow the gallant groom from the altar (figurative) to the forest and the hostile camp. As darkness settled upon the fort, everything being prepared, taking a tender care of his bride, whose hand rested upon him as she kissed his forehead, in other words, with our boys and the chosen Tom passed out of the beleaguered stronghold to the boat that was to carry them to the shore on which waited the mother to all who have her no dear—of one of those noble fears, dearer than life itself.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

It was the evening of the seventh of May. From the beginning of that month Fort Meigs had been vigorously besieged, and the hostile batteries thundered against it. On both sides of the river were the forces of the enemy—British and Indians in about equal numbers. Camp-fires shone here and there among the trees, and over them in the fresh air of spring the light breezes wafted to and fro the sighing tops of hemlock and pine.

Toward this wild and picturesque scene, thronged with a thousand dangers to the hostile intruder, our hero and his brave companions took their way. Every possible arrangement for their hazardous work had been made, signs and signals agreed upon, and with hearts beating with hope and anxiety they crept along.

Around the lengthened bivouac of the foe was the usual disposition of sentinels and outposts. There was even something more than that; for, in advance of any apparent line, were it possible for the eyes to pierce the darkness, would have been discovered both moving and motionless, the forms of many men in all attitudes of watchfulness through the woods. The deer and the panther, if such were near, were aware into silence by the mysterious presence of man. Though it was the hour for the animals of the forest to be abroad and stirring.

Leaving the slumbering army in its stillness and security, masked in that mighty wilderness, let us take our position at the easterly foot of a long wooded ridge that swelled in front of the twinkling camp-fire. A growth of pine bristled all over the elevation, making it a place of the most perfect gloom; a spring, gurgling from the place to which we have called attention, filling the gloom with the gentlest murmuring sound that could please the ear.

Near this spring for at least a couple of hours and so crowded two for two breathing shadows—motionless as the trunks of the pines that towered above them. As last there was a slight movement made by one of them; he sunk lower to the earth; lay there for ten minutes, and then softly rose. A low clicking sound, like the opening and shutting of the pan of a gun-lock, could have been heard. At this a movement of the other figure might have been observed.

"A further advance may now be safely made," whispered one—no other than the daring and indomitable Hiram Skale.

"It is very still," replied his companion, Major Halliwell, "but the silence may be deceptive. It is time we were moving, however."

"Yes; it is near midnight. Forward then, softly."

Very cautiously the two men resumed their progress toward the camp, being now, probably, at the point of greatest peril, anxious to leave it for a new position. Their halt had been occasioned by the supposed presence of an enemy in the path of their advance, and they had waited with extended patience to assure themselves that the way

OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HALF A CENTURY OLD.

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The old-time literary weekly, The Saturday Evening Post, having just completed its half-century of existence, has decided to celebrate the event by

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The size of The Post has therefore been enlarged fully one-third, (containing 48 long columns,) and it is now both the

Largest and Cheapest of the Family Papers! It will contain Novels, Illustrated Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc., by the

ARRESTED WRITERS

that can be produced—including Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Mrs. Margaret Fuller, Anne M. Douglas, Burr Stebbins, Eliza Wheeler, August Ball, Orr Stanley, Captain Corcoran, Lillie Devereux Bliss, "Big" Sam Fanny R. Fendler, Mrs. E. L. R. Burke, Susan E. Huxford, etc., etc. It will be entirely neutral in politics.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we shall devote about a column to every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

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A man named Henry Larkey has been arrested at Charleston, Mass., charged with poisoning two valuable horses by placing arsenic in the feed bins.

Chicago now talks of the great fire as "the recent heated term."

One portion of the Rumble in Central Park is to be renamed Flirtation Corner, for obvious reasons.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1917.

A NEW NOVEL.

We shall commence in The Post of January 6th—the first paper of the new year—a powerful written novel, called

THE SWAMP OUTLAWS.

OR,
A SECRET OF TWENTY YEARS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

This is a novel of absorbing interest, and we think will be read with great delight by our readers.

As we expect to have a large demand for the early numbers of the year, we advise those who wish the opening chapters of this story to send in their subscriptions and orders as early as possible.

RENEW EARLY.

As we have a large number of subscribers whose subscriptions expire with the end of the year, we would suggest to all who can make it convenient, to renew as early in the present month as possible.

If everybody waits till the end of the month, a large number of names are sent in together, and it becomes impossible for our clerks to enter them as soon as they are received. This causes delay in mailing the paper, and sometimes errors; though our clerks are generally very careful, and when an error occurs the probabilities always are that it is the mistake of the subscriber, not theirs.

As we shall stop the paper hereafter, even more generally than heretofore, at the expiration of all subscriptions—excepting in the case of a small class of old subscribers, who always result in return to our bills—those who wish to avoid all danger of having a break in their line of The Post, should renew early. We do not electotype The Post, and now that the paper is so large and expensive, we shall not run the risk of wasting money by printing many more than we absolutely need.

The bill worn by the crew that blushed over the lamp that we are to Chicago is an exhibition of sixty-one different places in that city of heat and cold, in memory of the fact that it is the only city in the world where the sun and moon and stars are paid for.

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. WOOD.

The talented author of "East Lynne," "Dana Hall," etc., is now engaged upon a new Serial Story for The Lady's Friend. It is entitled

WITHIN THE MAZE.

OR,
LADY ANDRINI'S TRIAL.

This story will be commenced in the January number of The Lady's Friend, and will run through the year. This, in addition to the numerous other novels and stories which are to appear next year in The Lady's Friend, will, we think, give that magazine a prominent position among the periodicals intended especially for the ladies.

The Lady's Friend (\$2.00) and The Post (\$2.00) are sent together for \$4.00 a year. In making up clubs for The Post, the Lady's Friend can be included at the same rates. The matter in the magazine and the paper is always different.

LARGE CLUBS.

We hope that those of our readers who are in the habit of getting up Clubs for The Post, will try to at least double their old lists. We are hoping to get a good many clubs of fifty subscribers for the coming year—and if the clubs should run up to one hundred, we should not complain. At the present enlarged size of The Post, it is so much cheaper than the other first-class family papers, that we think it only needs to be laid before the community to be subscribed for at once by thousands of new patrons. Of course we must depend, in a great degree, upon our present subscribers to show The Post to their friends and neighbors, and speak a good word in our behalf.

SLANDERED!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I hate slander as I do the measles. And I think that folks who go about slandering their neighbors had better be caught and shut up till they get over it.

There's Ruddy Dill, now! If that woman has said one word again, she's said forty thousand, I do believe! And what did it all grow out of?

Why Ruddy, she was telling me about her husband's cousin, who's come to live in Bustleton. And she said folks looked down on her. For her part, she said, she thought one person was just as good as another!

And I says: "So do I, and enough said better!" If there is any harm in that, I'd like to hear her point it out.

I have heard that she said a week ago when I had on my new fall suit—just in style according to Miss King—that I looked as if I had just come out of the ark!

What's that but slander? Why, if Ruddy Dill had lived in Noah's time, she'd never have got out of the ark. And that's the whole truth of it!

Her cousin—she said I wore false hair! Much she knows about it! She's as blind as a bat anyway, and she's always chasing her long nose around to see what she can spy out.

The amount of shoe leather and laces she manages to wear out in the course of a year must be more'n considerable. Brother Dill's better look out, or he'll never get his bill settled.

I did hear a story about her the other day. I don't know whether it's true or not, but I shouldn't wonder if 'twas—that she was settin' her cap for Deacon Trimbs, so's not to pay any bill at all.

I don't say it, mind—only 'twas told me. I'm sure, for one, I'd rather go barefoot than marry a man with a club foot, and not a tooth in his head but what's been paid for!

If he don't believe me, just let him ask me!

A FEMALE POISONER.

Every reader of old French memoirs is aware of the perfection to which the art of poisoning was carried in the Seventeenth century, not in France only, but throughout Europe.

There was a paucity abroad that has never since been revived. No man who had a quarrel with his wife, or who had seen her smile with tenderness on his friend, could go home very comfortable to his dinner while he was aware there existed a professional agent in Paris who, for a moderate fee, would drop poison into his soup with as much certainty as a little remorse as his cook flattered it with sauce and condiments; and doubtless many a woman was seduced into crime by this fatal facility. There was not, for example, a more contented couple in Paris than Monsieur and Madame Brunet, until Philibert's flute captured the husband, and that he offered the former the hand and dowry of Madame Brunet, his daughter. But Madame Brunet herself loved the musician, and very naturally inquired of La Voisin, the sorceress, how soon her husband might be expected to change the troubles of the world for the joys of a better life. La Voisin said nothing—only smiled significantly; and in a few weeks Madame Brunet was a widow of forty, who found no difficulty in persuading the flute player that she was much more desirable wife than her sickly daughter. They lived together happily for several years, until Madame's name was found on La Voisin's books, when she was arrested, tried, and hanged.

Such was a fair specimen of the morals in France at the close of the seventeenth century. When interest was made with Louis XIV. to save the life of the beautiful Tiquet, the Archbishop of Paris interposed, representing that if she were spared no husband would be safe. The desire for poisoning became an epidemic madness. It pervaded all classes. Children and grand-children, nephews and nieces of the king were taken off. Sudden death among the nobility and gentry was almost a rule. When La Voisin was executed in 1678, it was estimated, from proofs that seemed almost incontrovertible, that she had sold poisons and charms, amulets and philters to more than five thousand persons during her career of seven years.

The Evening Post thinks that giving seventeen hundred pounds of coal for a ton is among "the weights that are dark."

A New Albany bride "skedaddled" from the church when the groom was about to lead her to the altar, and vanished down the street. No cards.

A correspondent is ungracious enough to remark that many American ladies, were they sent to be hanged to-morrow, would ask to their first question, "Have I a hanging dress?"

A Western editor speaks of a contemporary who is "so dirty that every time he goes up stairs there is a rise in real estate."

An old lady of seventy is the champion of the Kansas State Prison.

It is the style now-a-days when an engagement is broken off for the lady not to return the presents given her by her fiancé, or even the engagement ring, which is kept as an Indian keeps a scalp—as a trophy of former violence.

A THRILLING POEM.

There was a man named Peter, and he had a lovely daughter.

And a falling in did get to go upon the evening sun; And all the stars and planets looked on him, and he had a son.

And he put them in a paper bag and carried them home to his wife.

Now Peter was this maiden's name, her lips were red as a rose.

Her cheeks were pink, her eyes were green, her hair was jetty black.

But she had a cruel tongue, and whenever she got mad, she said

Westling round about the room, in a regular tramp.

There lived a dancing dame, whose Christian name was Helen.

And a looking-glass stood by her head and foot; And by doing Helen's wishes, (which she fedly, say young men know well.)

He took her youthful heart, and into her affections creep.

But her father did not fancy him, and bade him leave the door.

And withdrew his ugly visage from his sight forever more.

And Peter was a mighty man, that he would surely punch his head, if his

Blond countenance was ever seen protruding in the door.

One night Peter fell in love with Helen, his head was rather aching.

And he was so much in love, he early thought he'd get the scarlet stamp.

Trade, too, had been quite dull of late, the cypher but

And pondering over his woe he caught a chance of a change.

Just then Helen came along, a trailing Yankee Doodle.

As a sign for Helen to come out and meet him in the street.

And Peter he got up and toward he'd send that bloody noose!

To Helen, and he'd never sorry his sight or cross his path again.

So he took an old umbrella, which was standing in the hall.

And just got up and hit on gentle Sammy as he came.

He then got off and let him have right on his Roman horn.

Most all the folk, which showed the accuracy of his aim.

Four Nam, he never breathed again; that bright dream was a first one.

For Peter got furious and pulled out a carving-knife.

And heaving round until he found the road they call the other side.

He chopped it up in fourteen strips and took poor Sammy's life.

When Helen saw her love was dead, her brain began to stagger.

So she went and buried and buried down of arsenic in her garden.

And she was so much in love, she played a four fold dagger.

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more than usual rapidly, would care to wear them.

In the regular line of cloaks it is a little difficult to say what the fashion really is, for we see the Poloneses straight, and the Poloneses looped, and we see tight and back-fitting bouquies, and jackets and talans, and circular wraps, and in fact every fanciful device ingeniously can invent. To say that everything will be worn, and that there are no great novelties, nothing differing essentially from full styles, will be about the nearest approach to the present state of fashions in cloaks.

In the cold department the display was bewildering. Among the handsomest were costumes of black velvet, with trimmings of lace and embroidery; green silk, with overcoats of black; lavender suits, with under-skirts of pink; brown, with trimmings of the same color—and, in truth, suits of so many kinds and combinations, that description is utterly defied.

This department, with the millinery, received the greatest share of attention; every suit was examined by every eye, and many a fair shopper found it difficult to distinguish the latest from the living styles. Those who came only to see and admire, far outnumbered, as is usual upon such occasions, the buyers.

A few of the latter there were, and among them young demoiselles in charge of old gentlemen of seventy-five, who were particularly convenient in the way of paying bills. Who the young ladies were did not transpire. They might have been wards of the old gentlemen, or possibly youthful wives, or maybe granddaughters; whatever they were, suffice it to say, they were the best purchasers.

If the pretty blonde admired a hat on exhibition, she had only to try it on. Seventy-five agreed that it was bewitching, and it was a bargain at once. At the next counter an opera cloak was the attraction; blonde trembles threw it over her shoulders, and settled sentimentally into the nearest *fiat*.

Seventy-five was in ecstasies, and again the pocket-book was brought into requisition. Another counter, and blue cashmere robes with borders of gold were noticed. The girl in attendance, intent, and with an eye to business, immediately donned one, which was beautiful, and just suited her head. It cost forty dollars, and was too much for a morning wrapper. Seventy-five said no, and the purchase was made, blonde trembles looked pleased all the time. And so it was, through all the departments, and in every one blonde trembles looked over her shoulder at the old gentleman, and in every one she was rich goods, and "murmuring in her heart" consented to such a ruinous outlay, consented in every instance; and seventy-five with a joy almost childish, passed in his checks, and flattered himself that in one woman's estimation he was the only man worth living for.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Verily fashion is a fickle goddess, and not only is her changeable nature apparent in the important portions of the feminine wardrobe, but it even extends to the undergarment.

The high kids that have for the last ten years held undisputed sway, and have been held up to the multitude as the only fit covering for the foot of woman; the boot upon which more hostilities have been written, and more eloquence exhausted than upon any other subject, unless it be the original sin, will one day be but a thing of memory.

A decided effort was made some time since to bring into vogue the low cut shoes with buckle and rosette at the instep, but although successful in France, the idea was not seized upon with much avidity here; a few made their appearance in our streets, but the wearers were so few that much attention, and elicited little admiration, soon went back to the established style of high boots. But fashion, who, if necessary, can display a wonderful degree of perseverance, was not thus to be thwarted, and set about changing the opinion of people by a most ingenious manner. With surprising celerity she flooded the market with quantities of beautifully embroidered hose—stockings to hide them away in a boot was a positively sinful proceeding. Slippers were not the things, for slippers were promptly addressed for warms weather they were worn with trained skirts that effectively hid the feet.

For a time ladies declared it all nonsense to purchase anything so elaborate and expensive, even then, they looked at them with longing eyes, and thought how beautiful they would look with low shoes and the short skirt suit.

It was enough. The next venture was the high square-cut slipper known as the Marie Antoinette. Of course it was intended only for the ladies wearing them; and it was deemed it too much trouble to wear a square-cut slipper to get on their feet, and to put on thin boots just to step around the corner for soda-water or ice-cream; and what was the difference?

Another point was gained.

The next purchase disclosed a pair of shoes closely resembling the old time Oxford shoes, so popular among gentlemen. As yet, the low shoes have not been worn extensively in the street, but their appearance there during the summer elicited no comment; and it is universally conceded that for warm weather they are far preferable to the boot.

For cold and mud it must be seen that nothing quite comes up to the Wellington boot, though it is plain also, that the Wellington boot comes up further than it needs to, in every particular, and that in this particular, manufacturers have carried fashion to an extraordinary height. Fancy boots with embroidered instep and ornamented tops are popular with misses and young ladies with very small and very pretty feet. Sometimes we see them upon worn and faded females of uncertain age, who even when putting their best foot forward fail to foot up; great amount of personal charms, and then the spectacle is a sorry one.

When will women learn that the pretty adornments of girlhood, when affected by the middle aged only serve to make more apparent the staidly features of time.

Round hats, and curls, and fancy boots, are in harmony with peachy cheeks, bright eyes, and careless abandon, but when age and care have stamped their names upon the face, and left an indelible impression upon the spirit, it is no use. But then there is an apology for what we see. What a woman ever grows old without a regret. She clings to life. Her mirror reveals the gray hair, but she plucks it out and begins herself with the thought that it is premature. She sees from the wrinkles gathering about the corners of her eyes, and instantly thinks they have come from laughing so much, and she resolves that hereafter she will keep on a straight face. She does not look the second time at her complexion, she detects the alighting of the fresh tint, but thinks it is a tribute to a late supper or a loss of rest, and trusts a good night's sleep to set the matter right. And so she goes on, deluding herself, and fancies that unlike other people she, with a little care, can remain forever young.

She does not know that every effort she makes to enhance the difficulty, and causes people to observe what otherwise would pass unnoticed. To this fear of age we may trace much of the lack of taste to be seen on our streets, and much, too, of that dissatisfied look and appearance, as though they were conscious the dress did not belong to their years, and feared others would discover the fact.

But I was talking about boots and shoes, and naturally cannot have walked off my subject. But having spoken of every thing but a few minor details, it is hardly worth while to go back for the sole purpose of

saying that round toes will be more worn than square ones, or that bows and buckles will take the place of rosettes, and that if any are disappointed they must have their sorrow with the understanding that at another time I will mention every thing.

OLIVE KING.

NOT FORGOTTEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

It was a dreary little room in the fourth story of a tenement house, in the midst of the great city whose riotous tumult made itself heard even at that late hour of night.

The room was unapologetically neat, though there were in it none of the comforts rich folks have—none of those dainty luxuries which you and I think necessary to our well-being.

At one side of the room there was a small stove; and before it, down on her knees, was Lucy Randall; a pale, slender girl, with a wealth of nut-brown hair falling over her shoulders; a pure, high forehead, on which there was no shadow of sin; a little tremulous mouth, formed for kind words, and deep, dark eyes whose splendor lighted up the dull, dreary room, like the shining of happy stars.

Behind her was a pine table, holding two candles in bright shades, and beside them a plate, and cup and saucer.

"For it is Christmas Eve, and I will be extravagant for once!" she had said, and she broiled her bit of steak, and toasted three marvellously thin slices of bread.

Just as she lifted the steak from the bed of cherry red coals, the plain gold ring which she always wore on her slender forefinger, slipped from her finger and rolled away over the floor.

Her supper was forgotten as she sprang to recover her treasure.

But it had rolled to the very corner of the room, found a stray crack between the weather-board of the frame building, and fallen down, down through the darkness to the snow-covered pavement.

With a cry of dismay, Lucy ran swiftly down the uneven stairway, and out into the snow-drifted street.

But little she heeded the light flakes that fell over her—her heart was too full of regret. Five years ago Henry Randall had left her in her father's pleasant home, to go away and make a fortune. He had left a kiss on her lips and the ring, and said in a low whisper, full of love and longing, "I'll replace it some time, darling, with a wedding ring!"

She had waited and trusted him all these years. At first, in the pleasant comfort of her home; later, when both father and mother were dead, in the poverty and hardship of a working girl's life.

She had been cold and hungry many times, but never lampt to part with the little ring.

Her search was a long and a weary one, but the ring could not be found, and she crept up the long stairway, shivering and sick at heart.

That night the supper, so daintily prepared, was left untouched on the table, and Lucy cried herself to sleep.

It was Christmas morning—bright and beautiful—the very happiest of happy holidays.

Out in the street, the busy crowd surged back and forth, carrying on its skirts the old little waifs from garret and cellar and street.

One little fellow stood quietly on the curbstone watching the faces of the passers-by.

"Not that one—his too grand—and that one's got a cruel face. Ah, here comes a gentleman! I'll ask him."

And slipping in and out of the careless throng, he pulled the gentleman's coat.

He turned around, showing an anxious but a pleasant face.

"Not that one—his too grand—and that one's got a cruel face. Ah, here comes a gentleman! I'll ask him."

And slipping in and out of the careless throng, he pulled the gentleman's coat.

He turned around, showing an anxious but a pleasant face.

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THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A dreary place would be this earth, were there no little people in it! The only of life would be to begin it. Were there no children to begin it.

No little folks, like buds to grow, And make this dreary world more new; No little hands on levers and levers, To keep the spinning low-wheel'd world, The doctor would have been more new, And would have been more new.

Little folks, like buds to grow, And make this dreary world more new; No little hands on levers and levers, To keep the spinning low-wheel'd world, The doctor would have been more new, And would have been more new.

Little folks, like buds to grow, And make this dreary world more new; No little hands on levers and levers, To keep the spinning low-wheel'd world, The doctor would have been more new, And would have been more new.

"Poor fellow," was the reply, pityingly. "It's too bad, I say, for a woman of her class to be allowed to go free to win hearts and break them as she does. She doesn't seem a story for Kink, but she thinks it would be a fine thing to number a good among her conquests. It's plain to be seen that she does care for him, though. You can see that he has faith in her, and believes her to be what she appears to him to be, but what she is not. A true, earnest woman. It's a pity some one couldn't play at her own game with her, and make her feel something of the misery she has made others feel. It would be turning her just right, by Jove, to win her heart, if she has one, and then to let it slide as she will from her grasp."

Max Rothermel's face was grave with pain as he listened to this conversation. He pitied his friend, but he knew it was useless to warn him. He was too completely under the spell of her charms to heed any warning now. He hurried him by her swift, magnetic glance, and then he was fascinated by her low voice and her smile.

By-and-by Rothermel saw her take Kink's arm, and they went off toward the conservatory together. An hour later he met Roy Kirk in the hall. His face was pale, his eyes full of pain and disappointment.

"It's all over, Max," he said, wringing his friend's hand. "You were right, she hasn't any soul."

"Poor Roy!" Rothermel's face was cold and stern, for just then he saw Miss Cameron smiling across the parlor as if nothing had happened to him. He knew the money of the world, but his voice was full of sincerity for the bright young dreamer so cruelly blasted by a heartless woman's will.

The sweet, bewildering strains of the Strauss waltz floated out upon the evening air, and made it almost impossible to resist. Down the long room the waltz swung in a slow and dreamy motion to the music of the violins. Outside the moonlight made a white radiance on land and sea. The best, best, best of the men upon the shore, like the motion of a human heart, beat through the room, and wild music like an undertone of sorrow.

Max Rothermel stood and watched the scene. There was a look of something like triumph in his face.

Presently there was a flutter of white up the parlor, and without thinking that way, he knew who was coming. He looked up at the strange thrill which over him.

"Miss Cameron is looking for Rothermel," some one said behind him, in a tone not meant for his ear. "Do you really think he cares for her?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "But one thing is certain, she cares for him."

"Yes, every one can see that," the other lady said. "At last she has found her master. I am glad of it. She has ruled hearts long enough."

Rothermel smiled, an exultant thrill at his heart, a fire of triumph in his eyes. Sybil Cameron looked up at him, and he looked up at her. When he did she stood before him, with a soft color coming, and going in her cheeks, her eyes sky and downcast. The old queen's arrogance was gone, and a womanly grace, infinitely more becoming, held its place.

"What is it?" he said, smiling into her eyes with that rare smile of his. "That waltz is simply exquisite. I don't often care to dance, but to-night the impulse is irresistible."

They whirled down the room to the weird music of the waltz, and he looked at her. Her yellow hair floated about his face, and her breath fanned his cheek. Once she lifted her eyes to his, compelled by some strange power to do so. His glance was on her face, full of conscious power, and yet touched with something like regret.

The waltz ended in a long strain of tremulous sweetness. They went out, and down the path to the sea. The waves leaped, and sparkled in the moonlight, and broke in upon the beach with a soft flash that was full of soothing influence. Far overhead some birds flew, showing blackly against the clearness of the sky.

They walked up and down the shore for some time in silence.

By-and-by he spoke.

"This is our last walk together, I suppose; I am going away to-morrow."

"Going away?" Her voice was full of surprise, and her face a little in the moonlight. "Not for long, are you?"

"For years, perhaps," he answered. "I am going to Europe next week. I ought to have gone weeks ago."

"For years," she repeated, with a quiver in her voice, her eyes fast upon him. "You are going to Europe?" "Oh, years are so long, sometimes."

"Shall you miss me?" he asked, his eyes upon her face, and drawing her eyes to his.

"Miss you, Oh Max! How can you ask that?" she stopped suddenly, with a swift, nervous glance at her cheek, and her face was very tender and womanly now, this queen of hearts.

"Well—what?" he said, looking straight into her eyes with a strange power in his glance.

For her life, Sybil Cameron could not have lost the waltz which came to her lips for utterance. By the subtle influence of his will over her, he compelled her to speak to him.

"For oh, I love you, Max, I love you!" Never in all his life had he seen a face so beautiful as Sybil Cameron's at the moment, when that sweet confession found utterance. Her eyes were full of soft light, her cheeks dyed with carnation, and her whole face suffused with new, strange tenderness. Her soul had come to her.

In this supremest hour of his triumph, Max Rothermel felt that in some way his revenge was after all a failure. He had set himself deliberately to win this woman's heart, if she had any, and then spurn it aside as she had spurned so many hearts. He had won the thing he coveted, but the triumph was not what he had anticipated. There was a sense of humiliation about it, and of self-defeat. Could it be that there was a spark of love in his heart for this woman who had cast aside the love of his dearest friend as a worthless thing, and made that friend cynical, and coldly distrustful of all truth in woman, because of his slightest hopes and dreams?

"You love me," he cried. "You tell me that, and I have never spoken one word of love to you. Roy Kirk loved you, and you trampled on his heart, as true as heart as ever beat, after you had lured him to the ruin of the dearest, sweetest hope life held for him. Now you tell me that you love me. You can feel what I feel, if that is true. You can know what a bitter thing it is to love in vain. Every day of his life he thinks of you with bitterness and regret. Regret that he ever knew you, and bitterness because he believed you the soul of all that is womanly in woman, and was cruelly deceived. You gave his heart a blow that it will never recover from. Life will never be the same to him that it was before, because he has learned what false things there are in it."

"Oh, Max, forgive me, pity me," she cried. "I love you. Pity me, pity me."

"You had no pity for Roy Kirk," he answered, with a strange yearning at his heart to fold her in his arms, and hold her head upon his breast. "I have none for you."

"Oh, Max!" she cried, and dropped at his feet a white heap upon the sand, her face uplifted in wild supplication, her eyes full of world-weariness. "You are so cruel—and oh! I love you so."

"Good-bye," he said, unmindful of her outstretched hands, cold and pitiless as fate, despite the tumult in his breast. "Good-bye, Sybil Cameron."

He turned away without another look into her face. He did not trust himself to leave her. "Max, Max!" she cried, stretching her hands after him in an agony of beseeching grief. "Oh, Max, pity me! Do not be so cruel, for I love you so!"

The cry came after him as he crossed the beach in the white moonlight, but he crushed down the wild yearning to answer it as his heart yearned to do, and sped away from the scene of his triumph—and defeat.

Max Rothermel often thinks his eyes and soul a white beach and a silver-rippled sea, with white sails drifting by along the far horizon, and white clouds of moonlight over all; and he hears a cry, a wild, wailing, despairing cry—"I love you, you!" And always when he hears it his heart beats with a dumb sense of loss. That cry will haunt him to his dying day, and fill him with a cold, unquenchable yearning for a woman's love.

ST. NIKOLAUS VON DE FLUE;

OR,
A STRANGE GIFT OF SANTA CLAUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARY E. WOODSON.

The 34th of December found us still by the beautiful lake of the four Cantons. We had reached Switzerland in August, designing to return to the valley of the Rhine by the first of October; but a painful accident to one of our immediate party had detained us, and we were otherwise unwilling, in the Lucerne valley until the period mentioned.

Beautiful, beautiful lake! As I sit this evening, thousands of miles away, my very thoughts seem mirrored in the clear emerald water, so distinctly do they shimmer in the moonlight before my mind's eye, with the lights and shadows upon the shore, outlined against the background of the mighty Alps! How many hours of that halcyon era of my earlier eventful life did I dream sweetly away amid these peaceful yet picturesque surroundings! And yet what need for those dreams, so far from the very land of Ossunians? Heaven forgive me for the heedless squandering of those days when I deemed that life in our great city, in the crowded streets, was a gay, merrier, happier thing than there; where it seems to me that I have found almost like the "good day" of the olden time, when we, each day a sermon such as no mortal lips have ever uttered, and which I know can never fade from my memory while life lasts.

It was while we lingered here that I first met Miriam Vane. She came from Lucerne but a few days after our arrival, and the moment she entered our little hotel, escorted by an elderly gentleman whom I supposed her father, I knew that she was an American, and hence a countrywoman of mine. I was exceedingly delighted at the prospect of a new acquaintance; for this life of national distinction had been a long and weary one, and the old queen's arrogance was gone, and a womanly grace, infinitely more becoming, held its place.

"Shall you wait?" he said, smiling into her eyes with that rare smile of his. "That waltz is simply exquisite. I don't often care to dance, but to-night the impulse is irresistible."

They whirled down the room to the weird music of the waltz, and he looked at her. Her yellow hair floated about his face, and her breath fanned his cheek. Once she lifted her eyes to his, compelled by some strange power to do so. His glance was on her face, full of conscious power, and yet touched with something like regret.

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"For oh, I love you, Max, I love you!" Never in all his life had he seen a face so beautiful as Sybil Cameron's at the moment, when that sweet confession found utterance. Her eyes were full of soft light, her cheeks dyed with carnation, and her whole face suffused with new, strange tenderness. Her soul had come to her.

In this supremest hour of his triumph, Max Rothermel felt that in some way his revenge was after all a failure. He had set himself deliberately to win this woman's heart, if she had any, and then spurn it aside as she had spurned so many hearts. He had won the thing he coveted, but the triumph was not what he had anticipated. There was a sense of humiliation about it, and of self-defeat. Could it be that there was a spark of love in his heart for this woman who had cast aside the love of his dearest friend as a worthless thing, and made that friend cynical, and coldly distrustful of all truth in woman, because of his slightest hopes and dreams?

"You love me," he cried. "You tell me that, and I have never spoken one word of love to you. Roy Kirk loved you, and you trampled on his heart, as true as heart as ever beat, after you had lured him to the ruin of the dearest, sweetest hope life held for him. Now you tell me that you love me. You can feel what I feel, if that is true. You can know what a bitter thing it is to love in vain. Every day of his life he thinks of you with bitterness and regret. Regret that he ever knew you, and bitterness because he believed you the soul of all that is womanly in woman, and was cruelly deceived. You gave his heart a blow that it will never recover from. Life will never be the same to him that it was before, because he has learned what false things there are in it."

"Oh, Max, forgive me, pity me," she cried. "I love you. Pity me, pity me."

"You had no pity for Roy Kirk," he answered, with a strange yearning at his heart to fold her in his arms, and hold her head upon his breast. "I have none for you."

"Oh, Max!" she cried, and dropped at his feet a white heap upon the sand, her face uplifted in wild supplication, her eyes full of world-weariness. "You are so cruel—and oh! I love you so."

"Good-bye," he said, unmindful of her outstretched hands, cold and pitiless as fate, despite the tumult in his breast. "Good-bye, Sybil Cameron."

He turned away without another look into her face. He did not trust himself to leave her. "Max, Max!" she cried, stretching her hands after him in an agony of beseeching grief. "Oh, Max, pity me! Do not be so cruel, for I love you so!"

The cry came after him as he crossed the beach in the white moonlight, but he crushed down the wild yearning to answer it as his heart yearned to do, and sped away from the scene of his triumph—and defeat.

Max Rothermel often thinks his eyes and soul a white beach and a silver-rippled sea, with white sails drifting by along the far horizon, and white clouds of moonlight over all; and he hears a cry, a wild, wailing, despairing cry—"I love you, you!" And always when he hears it his heart beats with a dumb sense of loss. That cry will haunt him to his dying day, and fill him with a cold, unquenchable yearning for a woman's love.

one passed three months in the single valley of Lauterbrunnen alone. You have been there?"

"Unfortunately no," I replied. "We were completing such a visit when a painful accident made of my father the invalid that you see him. Lauterbrunnen is described as a fearful beautiful place. It is there, I think, that the scene of Byron's Manfred was laid."

"Yes. Even to unpoetic minds the scenery of the Alps must strike the tourist as exceedingly interesting. The strata is so diverse and piled in such whimsical variety of form, from the perfect level where they appear like a wall of finest masonry, to the entire perpendicular where they stand in the shape of cliffs, or twisted into every variety of curve, as if by the hand of a fearful volcanic action from below. Then again you find them prostrate, like some fallen pyramid, extended for observation, and exhibiting evidences of having been worn and washed away to their present condition by the erosive action of wind and water, and now for solid ages. Some of the most striking of these features are to be found in the valley of Lauterbrunnen, where the walls of rock ascend almost perpendicularly, and thus occasion the many waterfalls that confer on it the name, 'Nothing but variety.' It is the best of the Alps, and falls in, as you perhaps know, the Stubbach, or 'dust fall,' so called because the water falling from such a height is all shivered into liquid dust before it reaches the rocks below. It tumbles over a precipice a thousand feet high, and descends in an undulating line, like a great white sheet, and then, swaying back and forth in the wind, and yet there is another precipice of equal height down which the water—greatly increased at this season—must fall ere it comes in sight. It is the Stubbach, as you say, that Byron compares to the fall of his white horse in the Apennines. It is the best of the Alps, and falls in, as you perhaps know, the Stubbach, or 'dust fall,' so called because the water falling from such a height is all shivered into liquid dust before it reaches the rocks below. 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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ALEXIS IN BOSTON.

The first day of the visit of the Grand Duke in Boston (Dec. 8) was a delightful one, and the arrangements made for his entertainment were carried out with remarkable precision.

The Duke left his quarters at the Revere House at ten o'clock A.M., dressed in the costume of a Lieutenant of the Russian navy—a long coat and low flat cap, with plain gold decorations. The carriage provided for his Imperial Highness was a very handsome landau, which was driven by Mr. Fred Adams, an accomplished horseman. Other open barouches, some ten in number, followed.

They proceeded at once to the City Hall, where they were welcomed by Mayor Gaston. Much interest was manifested by the Duke in the numerous drawings hanging in the mayor's room, representing portions of Boston fifty years ago. Accompanied by the mayor, they proceeded up School street to the State House, through streets densely crowded with spectators, who cheered incessantly along the entire route.

The Duke was greeted by the distinguished visitor, whose handsome features and noble bearing were universally alluded to by the vast crowd.

At the State House the Duke was met at the door by the sergeant-at-arms, who escorted him up the grand staircase to the Council Chamber, where he was presented to Governor Claflin, who made a brief and appropriate address. To this speech the Duke simply answered, "I thank you." He was then introduced to the many persons who were present by special invitation.

The Council Chamber was decorated with the Russian flag, and on either side handsome silk American standards.

After a brief conversation, the Duke, accompanied by the Governor, mayor, and M. C. Cavanaugh, descended to the street and took their seats in the first carriage, the entire cortege being escorted by the military company, composed of the Hoxbury Horse Guard, Prescott Light Guard of Charlestown, the Boston Dragoons, and Boston Lancers, accompanied by two bands, all mounted, and presenting a fine appearance. The military were reviewed, and then the entire procession moved slowly down Beacon street, through Bay State, on Columbus avenue.

While passing up the avenue, the four horses of the second carriage, containing Admiral Putnam, and others, took fright, and becoming unmanageable, were only arrested after passing the city hall, and were almost upon the cavalry escort in advance, by coming in contact with a large and heavily laden wagon. The horses were thrown down, and they were stayed in their mad course, with only a pretty severe jar to the party inside.

The ride to Cambridge, completed about an hour. The college boys had their jokers on the occasion, which were a little too practical and somewhat huge in proportions. Orders had been sent in to Copeeland's for four hundred quarts of ice cream, which were delivered at Massachusetts Hall, but there being no order for the ice cream, the article is being carried back again to the city. They had also ordered forty hocks, and these drove out in a long procession and formed around the college grounds awaiting the expected patrons, but none appeared, and in about an hour they drove back to their stables. During the night there were detailed over the entrance to the college law school—Dane Hall—in black paint, letters six inches long, the words "Cafe Pierre Noire."

It required two hours of hard work to remove the obnoxious words. When the Grand Duke appeared he was received with the peculiar shout of the college, "Rah! Rah! Rah!" which, when well rendered in their best style, is one of the finest cheers of the world. Just inside the entrance to the college they were met and welcomed by President Eliot and the Faculty, and after a brief head-shaking through the building, visiting the library, and meeting Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dr. Peabody, and others, and librarian J. H. Bailey, who exhibited several Russian volumes of great value that had been presented by his Majesty Alexander II.

After a visit to the rooms of the Parcellian Club, where the Prince enjoyed a glass of wine and a good cigar, about one o'clock, they proceeded to the house of President Eliot, and partook of a sumptuous lunch, and then away to the navy yard, where they witnessed the discharge of submerged torpedoes, and after reviewing the marine they received the compliment of a royal salute of twenty-one guns. At the house of the commandant a large party assembled, three hundred invitations having been issued. The reception was in full dress, and dancing was participated in until six o'clock, when the party returned to the Revere House to prepare for the great event of the day, the ball at the Boston Theatre. The Prince has won golden opinions on every hand by his quiet manners, his genial manner, intelligence and general refinement. He certainly has a noble nature, as well as a noble name, and is worthy of the attention he receives as heir-apparent to the throne of one of the most powerful nations of Europe.

The arrangements and decorations of the theatre were of the most excellent order and in perfect taste. At the back of the stage was presented a view of the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, with the bronze equestrian statue of the Emperor Nicholas in the foreground. Private rooms leading off from the grand floor were arranged in exquisite order for the occupancy of the Duke. One of the largest of the retiring-rooms was arranged as an ordinary supper-room in a first-class private residence, and was decidedly cozy and elegant, the general super-room being on the floor above.

The music was as fine as could be furnished in America. Mr. Gilmore presided over his own grand military band, for the first time since his return from Europe. The orchestra was under the management of Carl Zerrahn, and consisted of fourteen first violinists and thirty-seven other instruments, and the music furnished throughout the evening was admirable in the fitness of the selections and the quality of the performance.

In the quadrille of honor, the Grand Duke's partner was Mrs. Mayor Gaston, elegantly dressed in a lavender satin, elaborately trimmed with Brussels lace. Thirty-six of the Duke's court were given by his partner, and no fatal mistakes were made. The evening passed in a manner highly satisfactory to all present, for the Prince danced with as many young and fair ladies as possible, and about midnight retired to the supper-room. Dancing continued until shortly before two o'clock, when the Duke led out his partner for the last quadrille, which he quickly withdrew.

The following was the order of dance, to the music of Mr. Zerrahn's orchestra:

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